

and

**STAR PARADE**  
PRESENTS

# DICK POWELL

**-ADVENTURER**

10c

In this issue: **"FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN!"**



[illegible]



# Send Secret Messages With The

# LONE RANGER

## SILVER BULLET BALL PEN SET

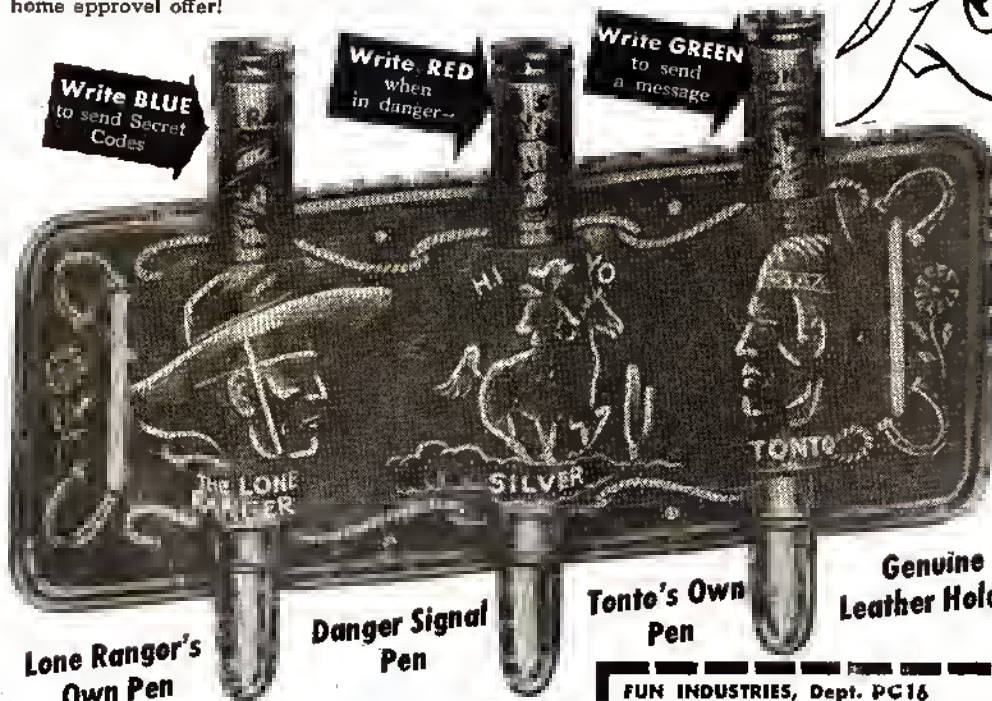
An Everlast Product

TRY IT OUT FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

**H**HEY kids, here's your chance to get the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet Pen Set! Three smooth-writing pens—each one shaped just like the silver bullets the Lone Ranger has in his gun belt! Each pen writes a different color—BLUE, RED, GREEN—and each one writes up to three years! But that isn't all! Besides these three secret code pens, you get a snappy-looking genuine leather belt cartridge holder. Attach it to your belt and you always have the Lone Ranger pens ready to use, wherever you are. What's more, this leather holder is beautifully embossed with pictures of the Lone Ranger himself, Silver and Tonto! And best of all, you get all three pens, plus the holder, for only \$1.00 on this 10-day home approval offer!

WEAR IT ON YOUR  
BELT—WRITE YOUR  
OWN SECRET  
CODES!

Only  
**\$1.00**  
Per Set



Write BLUE  
to send Secret  
Codes

Write RED  
when  
in danger

Write GREEN  
to send  
a message

Lone Ranger's  
Own Pen

Danger Signal  
Pen

Tonto's Own  
Pen

Genuine  
Leather Holder

## SEND NO MONEY

Send no money to get this official Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Ball Pen Set. Just mail coupon. When the postman brings your Lone Ranger set to your door, pay him only \$1.00 plus postage and delivery. If, at the end of 10 days, you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain you've ever seen, return the pens and holder—and your money will be cheerfully refunded. But hurry! Be first in your neighborhood to get this wonderful pen set! Mail coupon—NOW.

FUN INDUSTRIES, 45 E. 17 ST., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. PG16  
45 E. 17 St., New York 3, N. Y.

Rush me—Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Ball Pen Sets complete with leather holders. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.00 each plus postage and delivery. If I am not satisfied for any reason at all, I'll return them within 10 days, and you will refund my money.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

NOTE: Send cash, check, or money order with this coupon, and we pay postage. Same refund guarantee.



# DICK POWELL

## IN "FIVE FINGERS OF SATAN"

CHAPTER ONE  
"THE DAGGER AND  
THE DANCER"

HUNTIN' FOR  
A MIDNIGHT  
MURDER HEADLINE,  
HUH, MR. POWELL,  
HUH?

NO, "HUH"— I  
HAPPEN TO BE HUNTING  
FOR NOTHING MORE  
SERIOUS THAN THE  
LATE SCORES!



"JUST RELAXING, EH, MR. POWELL?—THE LATE PAPERS, PERHAPS A CUP OF COFFEE, A FEW PLEASANT DAY DREAMS AND A BLEEDING BODY! WHERE DID THE CORPSE COME FROM? WHY, FROM THAT LIMOUSINE JUST A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE STREET!"

TH-THIS IS INSANE  
...A NIGHTMARE!  
I'LL NOT SIT HERE  
AND BE HERDED  
OFF LIKE A  
STEER TO ITS  
SLAUGHTER!

OPEN THE DOOR!  
I-I CAN'T HOLD  
HIM ANY  
LONGER!

RIGHT!

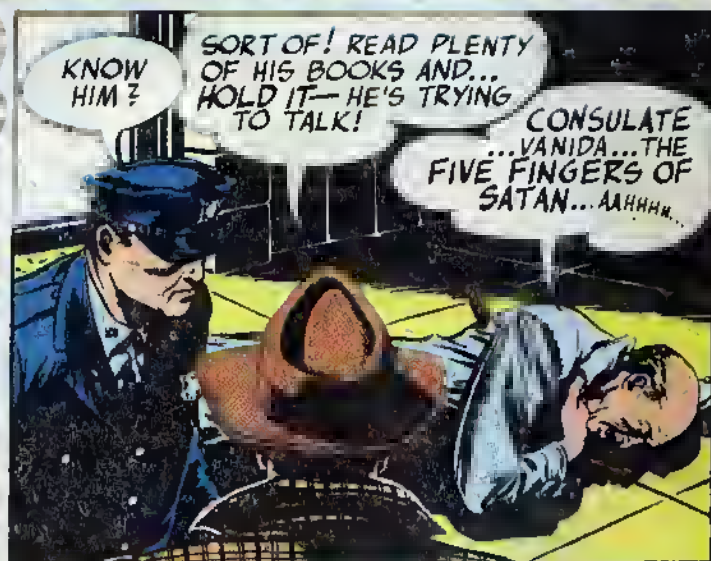


VERY WELL, MURAT  
—TAKE YOUR  
FREEDOM...AND  
THIS "FORGET-ME-  
NOT" WITH IT!

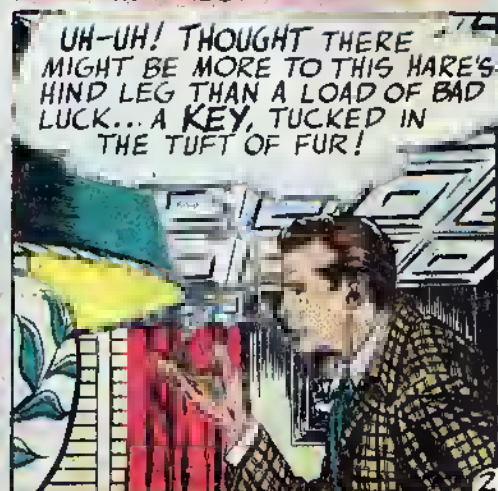




# DICK POWELL



LATER, IN HIS ARGYLE ARMS APARTMENT, AS POWELL TOYS WITH THE RABBIT'S FOOT...



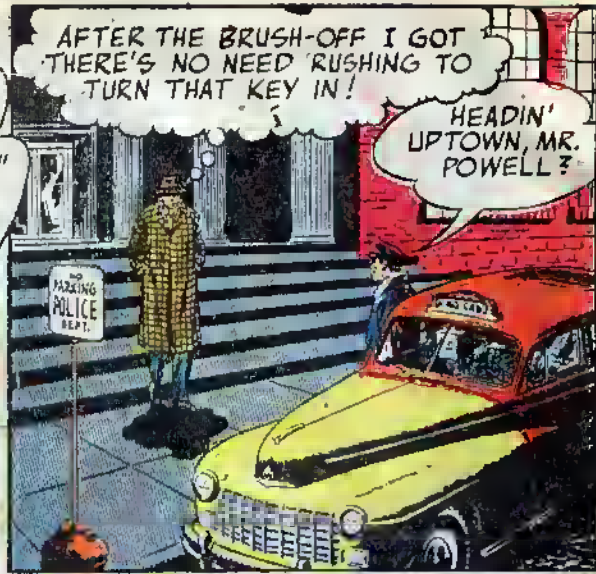


# DICK POWELL

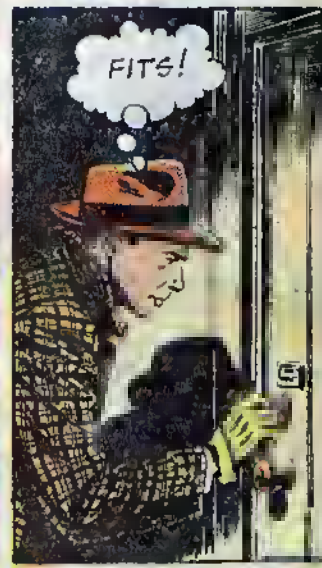




# DICK POWELL



MINUTES LATER, IN FRONT OF MURAT'S MIDTOWN APARTMENT...

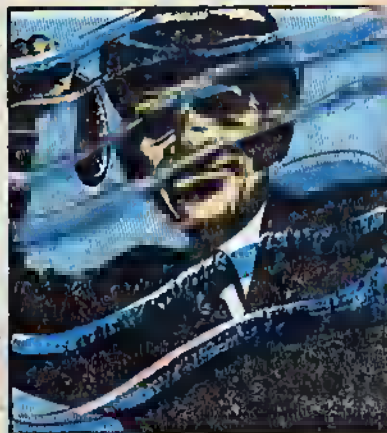




# DICK POWELL



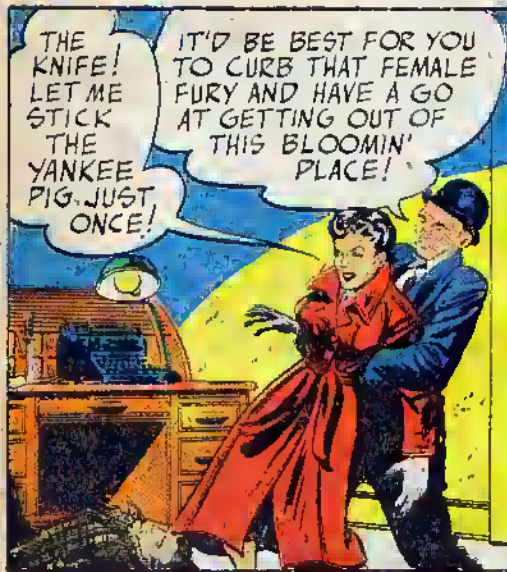
BEFORE POWELL'S BLURRING EYES HIS TORMENTOR TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A BLACK DISSOLVING MASS...



...INTO WHICH POWELL IS PULLED AND PLUMMETED DOWN THE BOTTOMLESS WELL OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS!



# DICK POWELL



AS THE ASSAILANTS DASH FROM THE ROOM, LUNGES OF PAIN LOOSENS POWELL'S LETHARGY...



Think of a hand, spread out and menacing. Think of the five fingers — their relation to each other, their appearance, the way they work...

THE PINKIE...The delicate, fragile one, weakest of all, but gaining strength from the next finger...

THE THIRD...Normal in size and strength, and always beside the dependent pinkie...

THE MIDDLE...The longest, the tall one, the one standing midway between the Third with his associate Pinkie and the powerful Index Finger and Thumb...

THE INDEX...The one that points, the one that pulls the trigger, the one that works so well with —

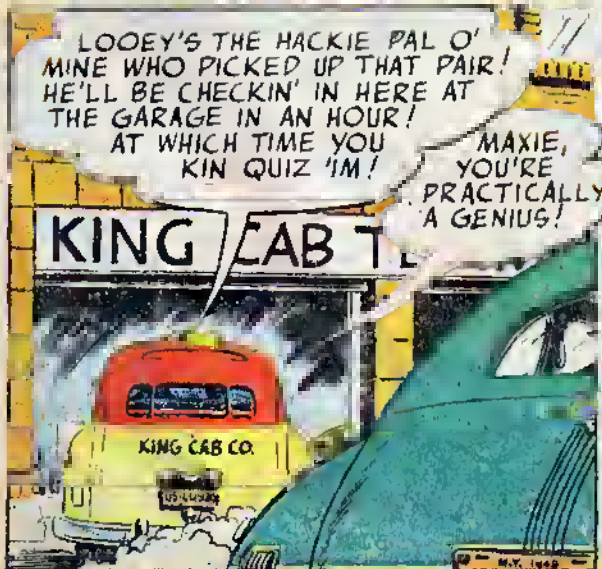
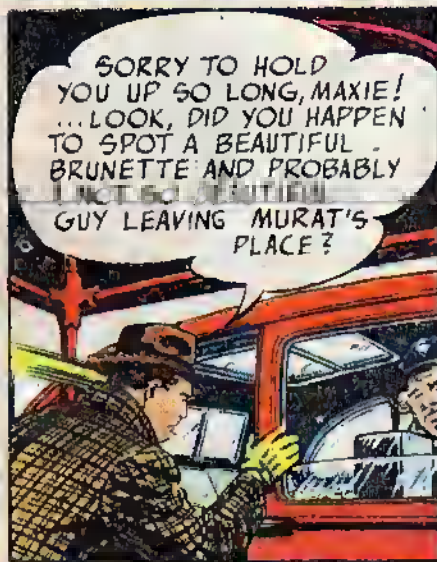
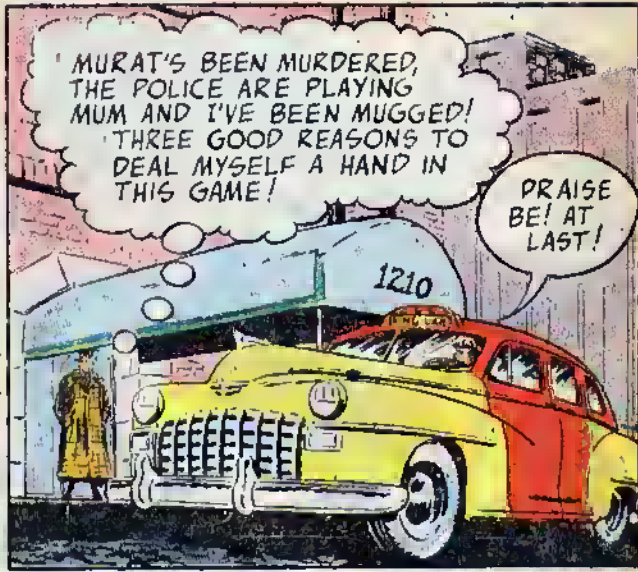
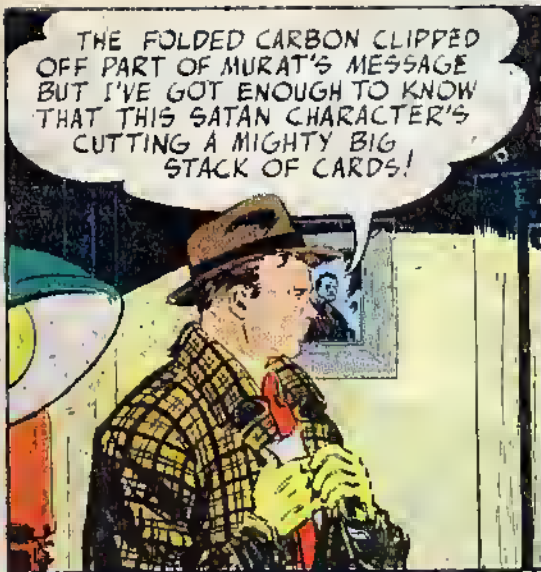
THE THUMB...Small, tough, deadly enough alone, but ruthlessly powerful when in team with the Index.

But, remember, none of the Fingers have existence or real strength of their own without the BODY OF THE HAND — the broad pentagonal base whose bones, nerves and blood activate and control the life of the Fingers!...and give them multiplied unity, direction and power...

The BODY of this terrible hand is a man I choose to call SATAN — because I do not know his real name, nor where he lives, nor what he looks like. All that I do know, definitely and positively, is that he exists, horribly and evilly actual...and that he controls the Fingers...

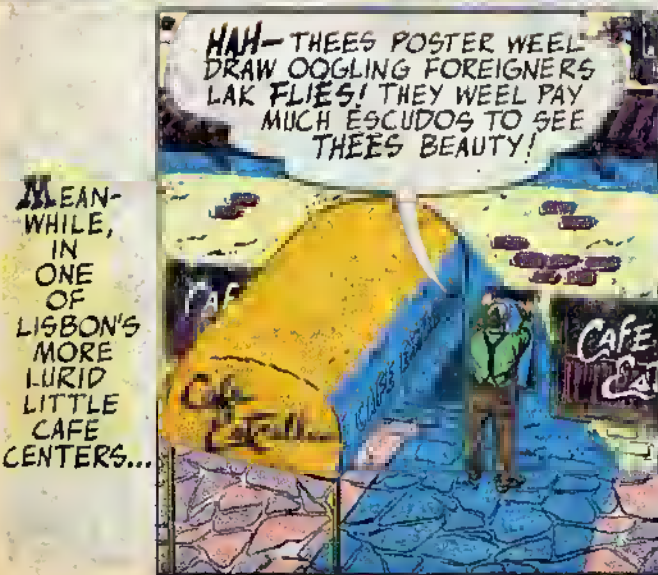
The member of this organization whom I have symbolized as the Pinkie is a Eurasian girl, a professional dancer named VANIDA. Her constant attendant is a quiet Englishman known as LATHAM. The Middle Finger is a very tall, thin, extremely well-balanced Greek who usually goes under the non-de-guerre of PETROS. The Index Finger is a Slav called STEPHAN, and he is generally accompanied by LUTHER, a







# DICK POWELL



MEAN-  
WHILE,  
IN  
ONE  
OF  
LISBON'S  
MORE  
LURID  
LITTLE  
CAFÉ  
CENTERS...



# DICK POWELL

## CHAPTER TWO

# "THE CLOSING TRAP"

AS DARKNESS DESCENDS ON LISBON, THE LIGHTS OF THE CAFE ESTRELLA BEAM DOWN ON A DANCER...HER BREATHTAKING BEAUTY QUICKLY DRAWS PORTUGUESE PHRASES OF PRAISE FROM THE LOCAL CUSTOMERS...



BEBEREMOS A VANIDA!

AMOR, VANIDA!

AND OUTSIDE, A NATIVE GUIDE TRIES TO DRAW THE MORE PROFITABLE TOURIST TRADE...

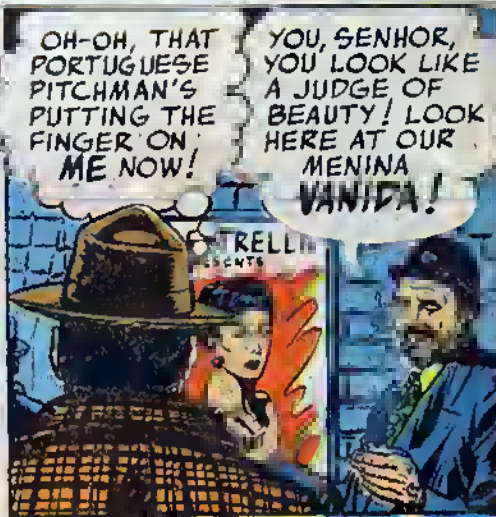
WANDER ABOUT NO MORE, SENHORES, SENHORAS...THE CAFE OF YOUR DREAMS EES HERE!

ENTRAR, ENTRAR!



OH-OH, THAT PORTUGUESE PITCHMAN'S PUTTING THE FINGER ON ME NOW!

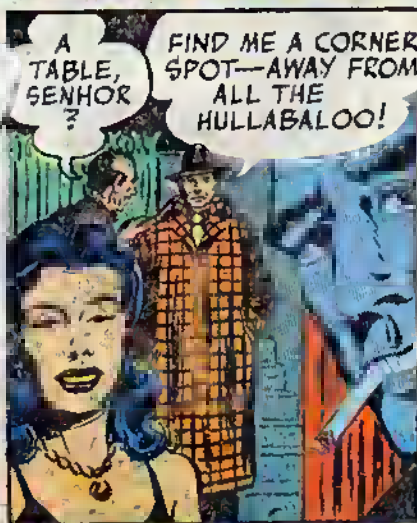
YOU, SENHOR, YOU LOOK LIKE A JUDGE OF BEAUTY! LOOK HERE AT OUR MENINA VANIDA!



YEAH, SHE'S THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS, ALL RIGHT! CHUBBY, YOU'VE JUST CAUGHT YOURSELF A CUSTOMER!

A TABLE, SENHOR?

FIND ME A CORNER SPOT--AWAY FROM ALL THE HULLABALOO!



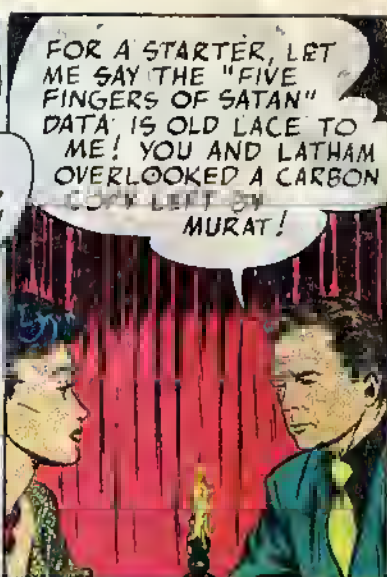
YOU WEEESH TO ORDER, SENHOR? VINHO, PERHAPS?

VANIDA, PERHAPS ...HOW'S FOR GETTING HER OVER HERE. AFTER SHE FINISHES THAT FINANJAO?





# DICK POWELL



MINUTES LATER



AS LATHAM TIGHTENS THE TRIGGER, VANIDA TENSES AND ALLOWS HER EYES TO DRIFT TOWARD THE GUN...

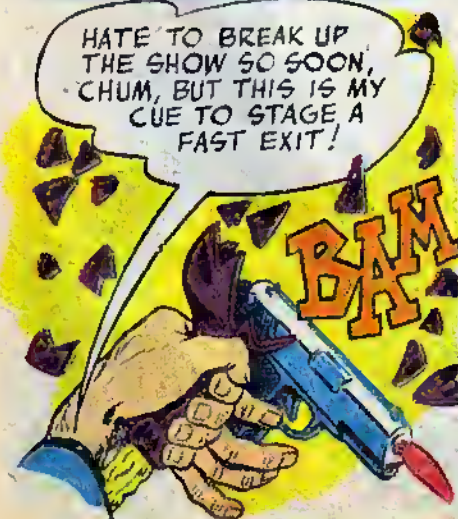




# DICK POWELL



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, DICK GRABS THE CANDLE BOTTLE...



AVOIDING THE POLICE-PATROLED PORTUGUESE STREETS, POWELL FINDS "LODGING" IN A LOCAL PARK...





# DICK POWELL

**IN THE MORNING...**

WITH VANIDA GONE, LATHAM WILL PROBABLY JOIN FORCES WITH THE "MIDDLE FINGER" IN AN EFFORT

EENGLISH LANGUAGE PAPER, SENHOR?

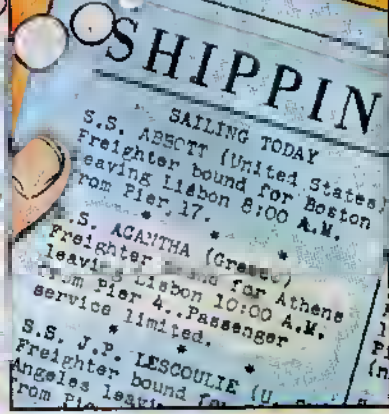
TO STOP THE SEARCH FOR SATAN!



AND SINCE THE MIDDLEMAN IS A GRECIAN CHARACTER NAMED PETROS, MY BEST BET IS TO CHECK ON GREEK DEPARTURE



YE-AH... THIS MIGHT BE IT! WORTH CHECKING, ANYWAY!



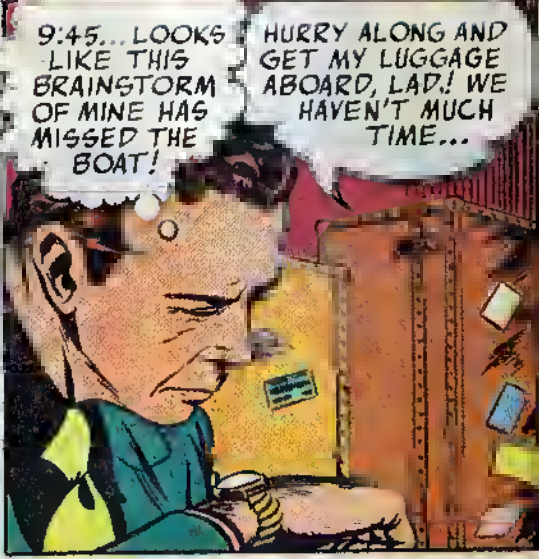
**LATER, AT PIER FOUR...**

NINE A.M...IF LATHAM'S TAKING THIS TUB, HE'LL SHOW UP WITHIN THE HOUR!



9:45... LOOKS LIKE THIS BRAINSTORM OF MINE HAS MISSED THE BOAT!

HURRY ALONG AND GET MY LUGGAGE ABOARD, LAD! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...



THAT VOICE... LATHAM!

THAT'S MY BAG! STEP LIVELY, LAD!

YES, SENHOR!



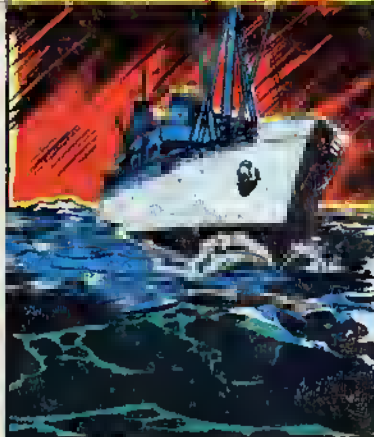
GOT JUST ABOUT ENOUGH TIME TO SNATCH A STEAMER TICKET AND GET ABOARD!





# DICK POWELL

**MIDNIGHT, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, FINDS THE FREIGHTER FIGHTING A HEAVY SEA...**



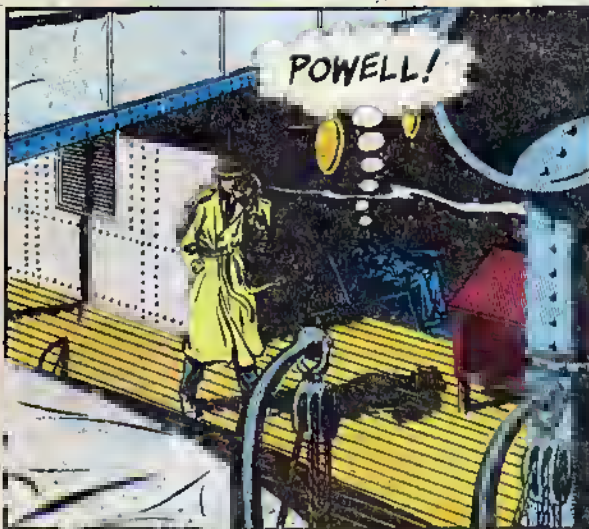
**TOSSING AROUND IN THIS TWO-BY-FOUR CABIN IS GETTING ME DOWN! THINK I'LL GRAB A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!**



**LOOKS LIKE THE DECK'S DESERTED! GUESS THE REST OF MY SHIPMATES ARE EITHER IN THE THROES OF SEASICKNESS OR SLUMBERING!**



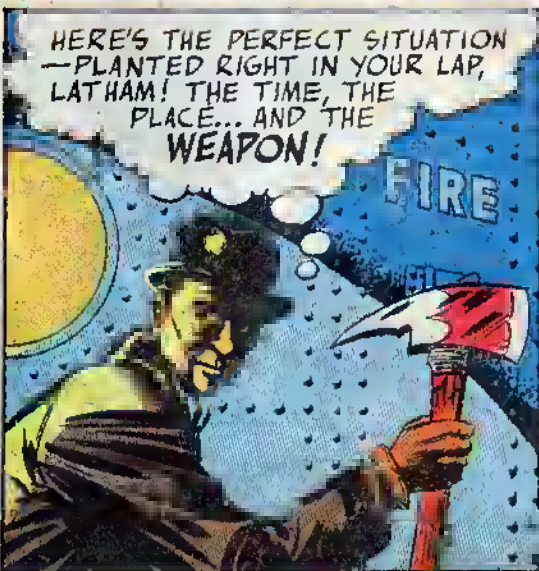
**NOT QUITE ALL OF THEM, DICK...**



**HMM, THIS LIFE-BOAT'S BUCKING LIKE A BRONCO! BETTER LASH ITS DAVIT BEFORE IT DIVES OVER-BOARD!**



**HERE'S THE PERFECT SITUATION —PLANTED RIGHT IN YOUR LAP, LATHAM! THE TIME, THE PLACE... AND THE WEAPON!**



**CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT! GUESS I'VE SORT OF FORGOTTEN MY "HALF HITCH AND SQUARE KNOT" SCOUTING DAYS!**





# DICK POWELL



WHEW! THAT LAST BREEZE  
BLEW A BLAST OF PIPE  
ASHES INTO  
MY EYES!



MAYBE I'D JUST  
BETTER FORGET—  
**LATHAM!**



YOU'RE AWFULLY ANXIOUS  
TO SPLIT UP OUR  
ACQUAINTANCESHIP,  
AREN'T YOU?



OKAY, PAL, I'VE GOT  
AN AXE TO GRIND, TOO  
... AMERICAN  
STYLE!

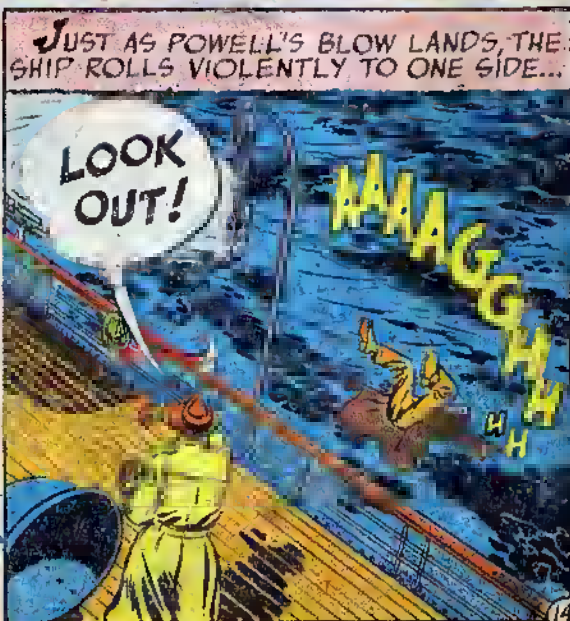
UH-H...



HERE'S ONE  
FOR THE  
SAPPING YOU  
GAVE ME IN  
JAN MURAT'S  
APARTMENT...



AND HERE'S FOR  
THE LITTLE FRACAS  
AT THE CAFE  
ESTRELLA!



LOOK  
OUT!

AAAAGGHH  
HH



# DICK POWELL



A TOUGH WAY TO GO—  
BUT BETTER HE THAN I!  
BETTER NOTIFY THE  
SKIPPER!

AS IF  
SOOTHED  
BY THE  
DEATH OF  
LATHAM,  
THE SEA  
CALMS  
AND THE  
BALANCE  
OF THE  
VOYAGE  
TO ATHENS  
IS A  
PLEASANT  
ONE...



GOTTA MAKE READY TO RUN  
INTO MENACE NUMBER THREE...  
THE TALL THIN GREEK CALLED  
PETROS! HE'S PROBABLY PERCHED  
ON THE PIER, WAITING  
FOR LATHAM!



THAT LANK COULD BE THE LAD  
I'M AFTER...CAN'T BE SURE,  
THOUGH! WISE THING TO DO IS  
KEEP MY EYES OPEN  
AND MOUTH SHUT!



AFTER THE ACANTHA'S PASSENGERS  
ARE ALL ASHORE, THE TALL MAN MAKES AN  
ANXIOUS QUERY...

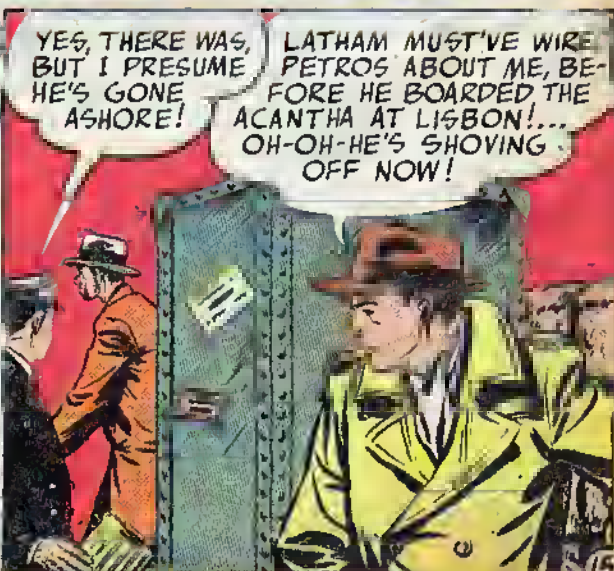
EXCUSE, PLEASE!  
THERE WAS NO MR.  
LATHAM ABOARD?

YEP...THAT'S  
PETROS!



I'M MOST SORRY TO  
SAY, SIR, THAT MR.  
LATHAM MET WITH A  
FATAL SHIPBOARD  
ACCIDENT!

LATHAM...DEAD  
..DEAD? AND  
A MR. POWELL  
...WAS THERE  
A MR. POWELL?



YES, THERE WAS,  
BUT I PRESUME  
HE'S GONE  
ASHORE!

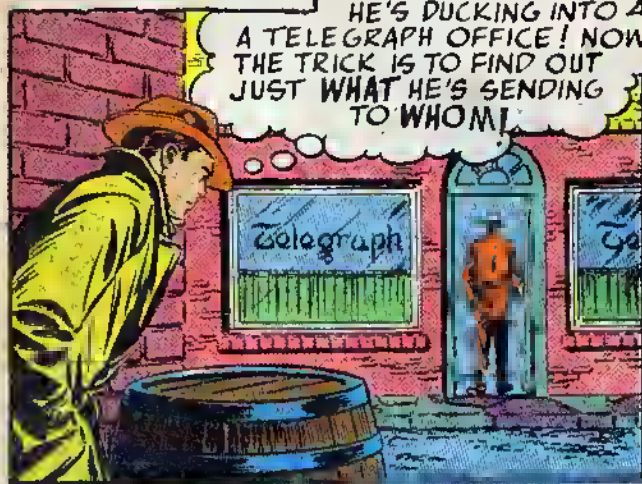
LATHAM MUST'VE WIRE  
PETROS ABOUT ME, BE-  
FORE HE BOARDED THE  
ACANTHA AT LISBON!...  
OH-OH-HE'S SHOVING  
OFF NOW!



# DICK POWELL

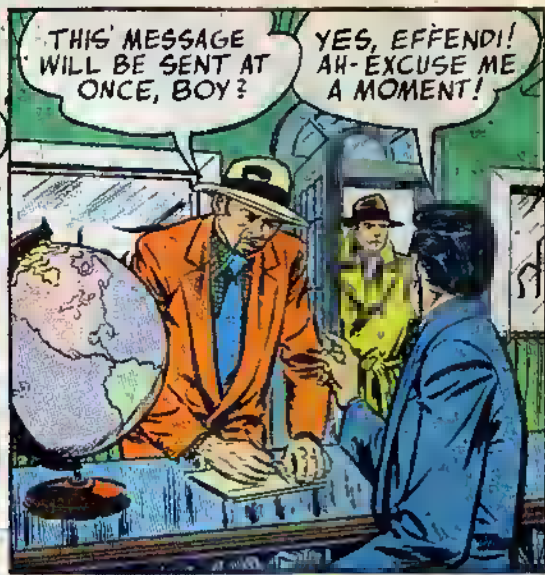
PICKING UP THE TRAIL, POWELL PURSUES PETROS ALONG THE WINDING WATERFRONT STREETS.. FINALLY...

HE'S DUCKING INTO A TELEGRAPH OFFICE! NOW THE TRICK IS TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT HE'S SENDING TO WHOM!



THIS MESSAGE WILL BE SENT AT ONCE, BOY?

YES, EFFENDI! AH-EXCUSE ME A MOMENT!



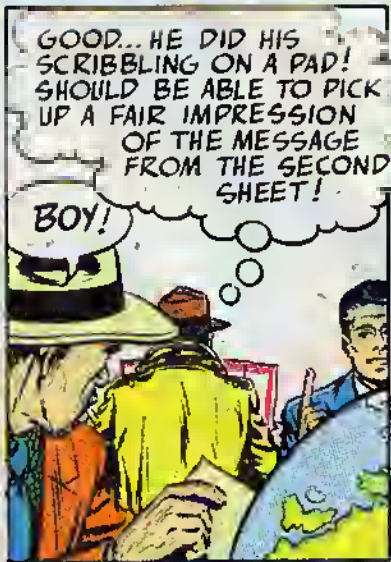
MAY I HELP YOU, EFFENDI?

NOT AT THE MOMENT, THANKS! JUST WANTED TO GLANCE THROUGH THESE TRAVEL FOLDERS!



GOOD... HE DID HIS SCRIBBLING ON A PAD! SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP A FAIR IMPRESSION OF THE MESSAGE FROM THE SECOND SHEET!

BOY!



THERE HE GOES! THIS SPY CHORE IS GOING SMOOTH AS SILK... ALMOST TOO SMOOTH!

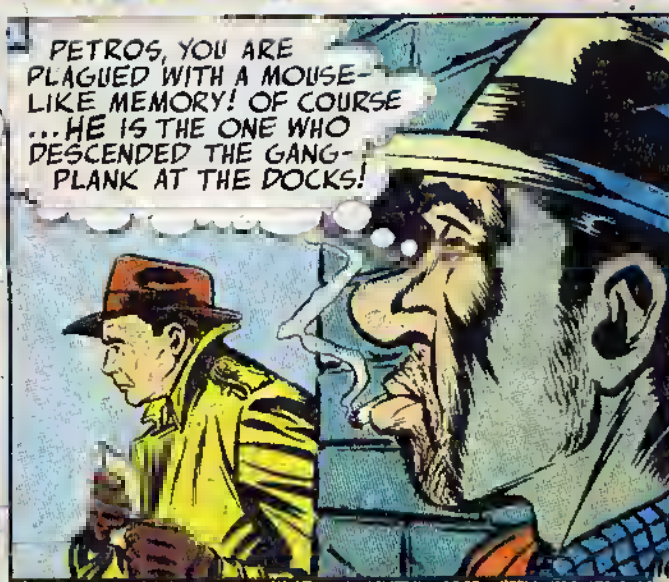


BUT PETROS GOES ONLY AS FAR AS THE OUTSIDE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WINDOW...

SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN IS NOT RIGHT...SOMETHING! AH-HAH! HE TEARS A PAPER FROM THE TELEGRAPH PAD!



PETROS, YOU ARE PLAGUED WITH A MOUSE-LIKE MEMORY! OF COURSE ...HE IS THE ONE WHO DESCENDED THE GANG-PLANK AT THE DOCKS!





# DICK POWELL

IT IS OBVIOUS ONLY ONE PIG WOULD WANT THAT MESSAGE... THE AMERICAN—POWELL—WHOM LATHAM WARNED ME OF!

HAH! THAT ONE MUMBLES ALOUD! HE MUST HAVE MONEY IN THE BANK!

BY THE GODDESS HECATE, THESE SNEERING STREET SWINE HAVE GIVEN ME A THOUGHT! ALAS, FRIENDS, I AM IN REALITY A POOR MAN, BUT I FOLLOW ONE WITH GREAT WEALTH ON HIS PERSON!

AND BEING A MAN WHO BELIEVES IN SHARING THE WEALTH, THE RICH YANKEE IS YOURS! ALL I REQUEST IS PERMISSION TO REMOVE A WORTHLESS SCRAP OF PAPER FROM HIS—AH—BODY!

THIS PLACE'LL DO AS A DECIPHERING OFFICE! GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GRAB A CUP OF COFFEE AT THE SAME TIME!

CHICK

OCEANUS RESTAURANT  
GREEK-AMERICAN

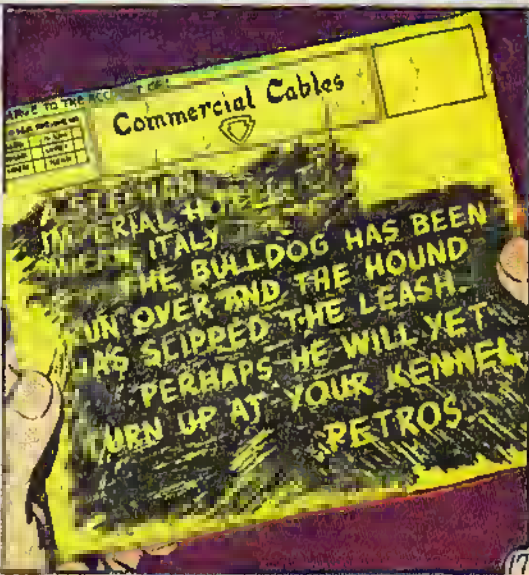
GOOD DAY, EFFENDI! A TABLE BY THE WINDOW, PERHAPS?

YEAH, GUESS THAT'S AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT PAL PETROS WROTE...



AS POWELL BRUSHES HIS PENCIL BACK AND FORTH, ACROSS THE TELEGRAPH BLANK FAINT, BUT LEGIBLE LETTERS APPEAR...

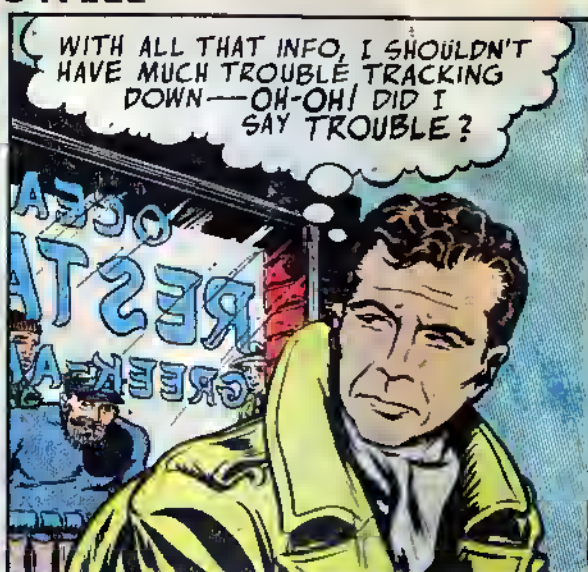


Commercial Cables  
STEVEN  
IMPERIAL HOTEL  
WHEN ITALY  
THE BULLDOG HAS BEEN  
RUN OVER AND THE HOUND  
HAS SLIPPED THE LEASH.  
PERHAPS HE WILL YET  
TURN UP AT YOUR KENNEL.  
PETROS.





THIS STUFF SEEMS PRETTY FAT TO ME! "THE BULLDOG" IS REPRESENTATIVE OF ENGLAND'S JOHN BULL—THAT FITS LATHAM! "THE HOUND" SMACKS SHARPLY OF YOURS TRULY AND "KENNEL" HOOKS UP STEPHAN'S HOTEL IN MILAN!

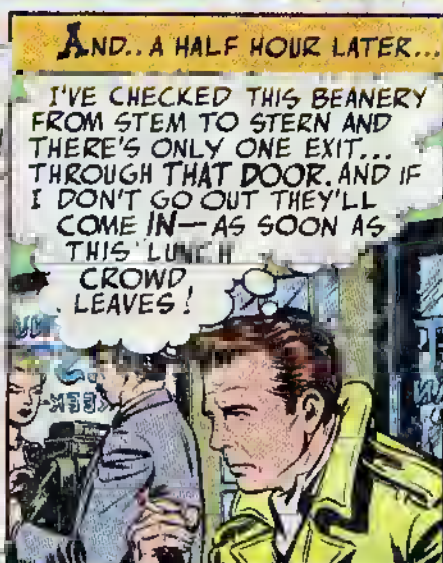


WITH ALL THAT INFO, I SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE TRACKING DOWN—OH-OH! DID I SAY TROUBLE?



COME, WHY DO WE WAIT?

THERE ARE OTHERS IN THERE, IMBECILE! A DISTURBANCE WILL BRING THE POLICE! PATIENCE WILL BRING HIM OUT TO US!



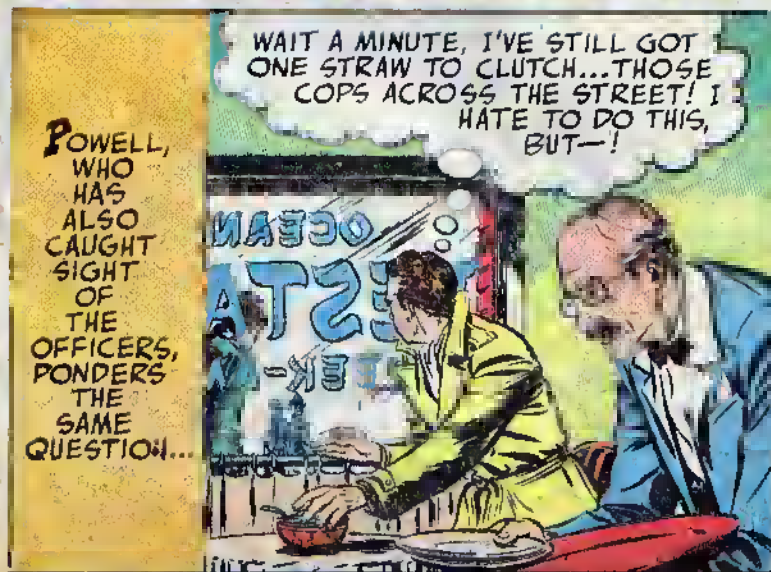
AND... A HALF HOUR LATER...

I'VE CHECKED THIS BEANERY FROM STEM TO STERN AND THERE'S ONLY ONE EXIT... THROUGH THAT DOOR. AND IF I DON'T GO OUT THEY'LL COME IN—AS SOON AS THIS LUNCH CROWD LEAVES!



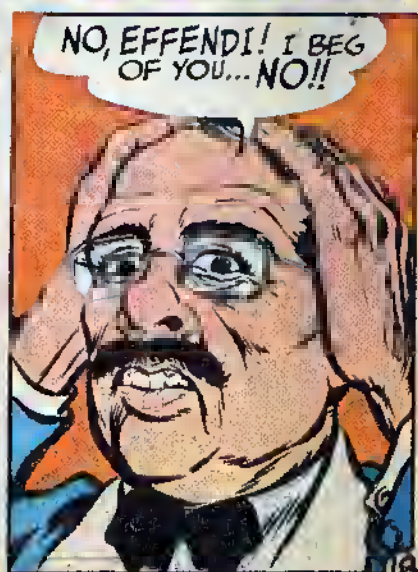
LEONIDAS, LOOK! ...ACROSS THE STREET!

PAH, WHAT IS THERE TO WORRY? HOW COULD OUR PRISONER AND THE POLICE GET TOGETHER WITH US STANDING HERE?



WAIT A MINUTE, I'VE STILL GOT ONE STRAW TO CLUTCH...THOSE COPS ACROSS THE STREET! I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT—!

POWELL, WHO HAS ALSO CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE OFFICERS, PONDER'S THE SAME QUESTION...

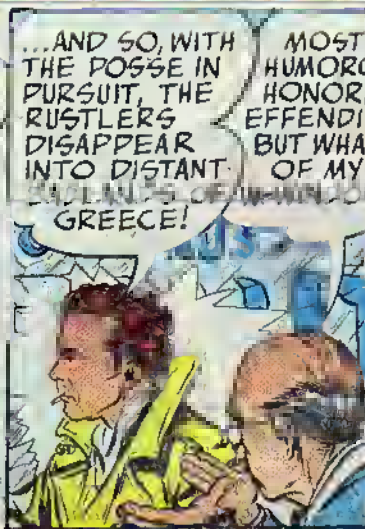
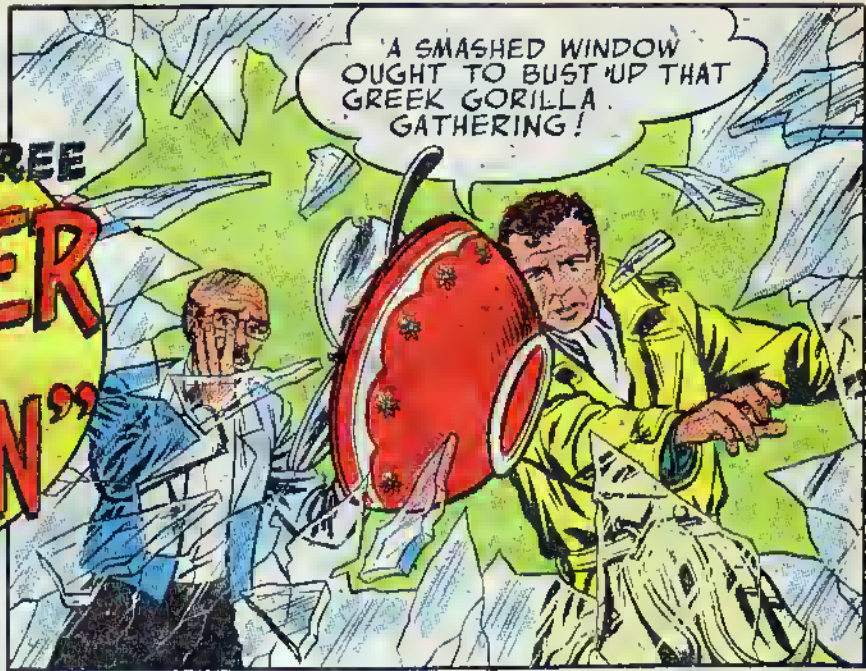


NO, EFFENDI! I BEG OF YOU...NO!!



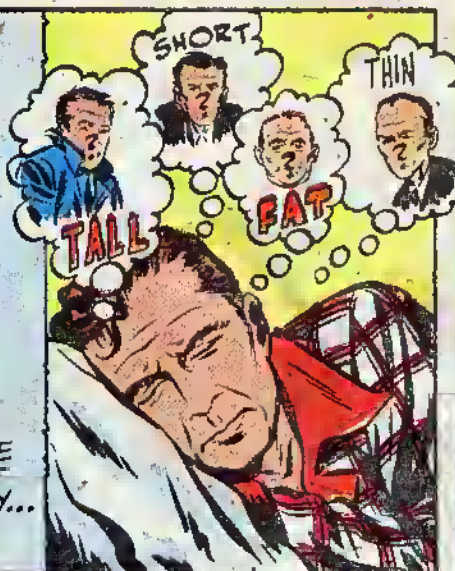
CHAPTER THREE

"MURDER  
IN  
MILAN"





THE 48-HOUR TRAIN RUN FROM GREECE TO ITALY FINDS POWELL TOSSEING AND TURNING, AS HE TRIES TO ANTICIPATE THE NEXT ADVERSARY...



MEANWHILE, AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, MILAN, THERE IS ALSO AN AIR OF ANXIETY...

DOT'S ALL DER TELEGRAPH FROM PETROS SAYS?

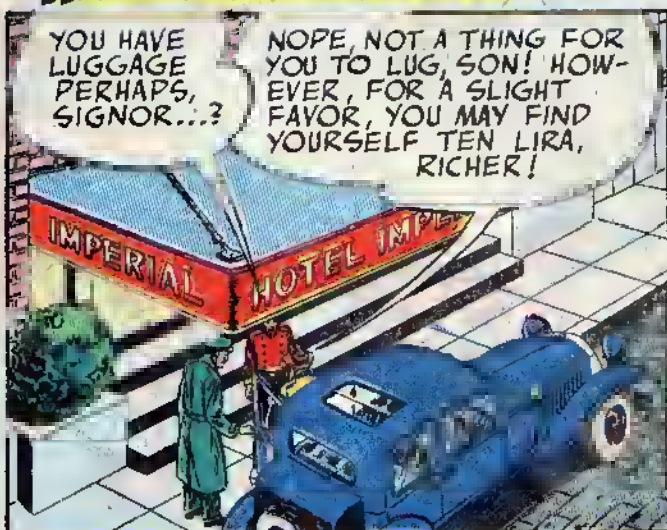
ALL? ISN'T IT ENOUGH? THIS SO-CALLED "HOUND THAT SLIPPED THE LEASH" MAY VERY WELL BE BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS NEXT!



AND FINALLY—NOON IN MILAN...

YOU HAVE LUGGAGE PERHAPS, SIGNOR...?

NOPE, NOT A THING FOR YOU TO LUG, SON! HOWEVER, FOR A SLIGHT FAVOR, YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF TEN LIRA, RICHER!



SI, ANYTHEENG AT ALL, SIGNOR!

OKAY, NOW GET THIS! YOU'RE TO PAGE A MR. A. STEPHAN... GOT THE NAME? KEEP ON PAGING HIM IF IT TAKES ALL DAY TO LOCATE HIM... SAVVY?



SI! AN' WHAT AM I TELL MEESTER STEPHAN?

NOTHING! JUST TELL HIM THAT HE HEARD WRONG OR SOMETHING!

BACK AT COLLEGE, THIS GIMMICK USED TO GIVE US A GLANCE AT BLIND DATES BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!

PAGEENG MEESTER STEPHAN!



HERE, BOY, I'M STEPHAN! WHO WANTS TO SEE ME?

OH, YOU ARE MIS-TAKEN, SIGNOR! THE NAME I CALL EES "CEV IN!"





# DICK POWELL

THAT'S MY BOY, ALL RIGHT...LOOKS LIKE THAT FAKE PAGING ROUTINE RUFFLED HIS FEATHERS! HE'S GATHERING UP HIS GOOSE-FLESH AND LEAVING THE LOBBY!



OH-OH, HE'S STARTING TO FREEZE UP! CAN'T TELL WHETHER I'M JUST A PASSING HOTEL GUEST OR THE GUY PETROS WARNED HIM ABOUT! BETTER TRY TO THROW HIM OFF WITH THE OLD "JOLLY GOOD FELLOW" ACT!



AH-HAH! THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! GOOD OLD HARRY SHULTZ FROM MILWAUKEE!

I...ER...



GOOD OLD HARRY...I TELL YOU, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!



THERE M-MUST BE A MISTAKE, SIR! I ASSURE YOU MY NAME IS...

...IS STEPHAN! OKAY, GULLIBLE, GET INSIDE BEFORE I SNAP YOUR SHOULDER!



THE PATTERN SET BY YOUR PALS BEFORE YOU TOOK A WHILE TO SET IN, BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT DOWN PAT! HIT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARD!



NEVER GIVE A GUY A CHANCE TO GULP A BREATH BETWEEN BEATINGS, THAT'S THE CRIMINAL CODE, ISN'T IT?

N-NO.. NO MORE...PLEASE! I'LL TALK...ANY-THING..EVERY-THING!!



THUD



# DICK POWELL



HMPH, MUST'VE LET MYSELF RUN AWAY WITH THE ROUGH STUFF ...HE'S PASSED OUT! BETTER GET SOME AIR IN HERE!



AS POWELL TURNS TO OPEN A WINDOW, THE CORRIDOR DOOR SWINGS INWARD...



A PAIR OF PALMS PUSH AGAINST THE SMALL OF POWELL'S UNPROTECTED BACK AND DICK DIVES HEADLONG OUT THE WINDOW...



MAMMA MIA!



KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, PAL! I CAME PRETTY CLOSE TO LOOKING LIKE THAT MESS AT YOUR FEET!



EITHER STEPHAN PULLED A POSSUM ACT AND PUSHED ME ...OR, SOMEBODY ELSE SLIPPED INTO THIS ROOM!

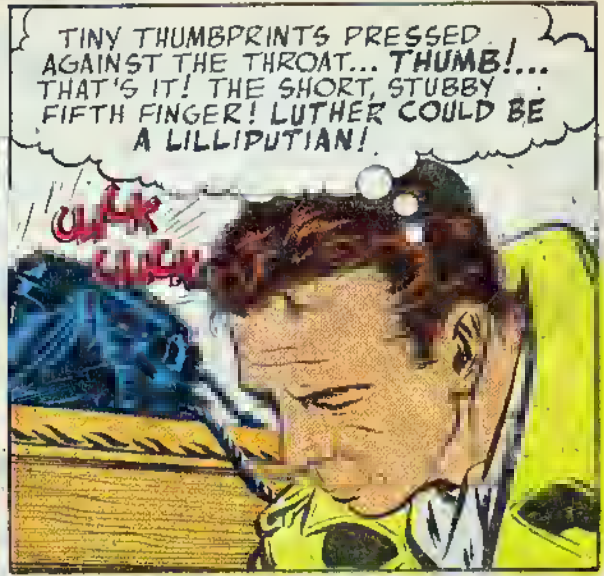
MINUTES LATER

4B





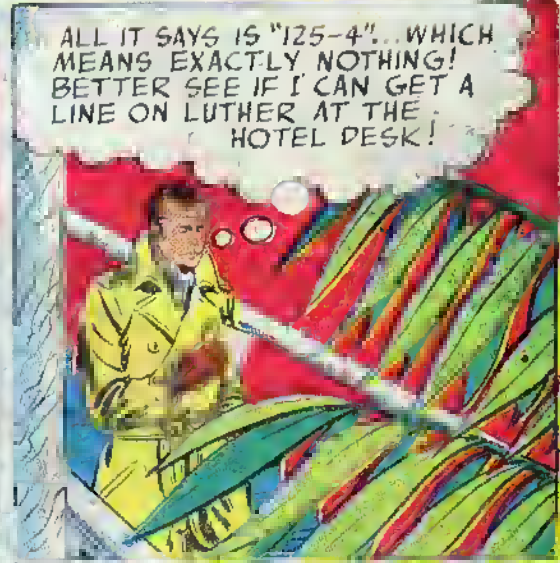
THERE'S STEPHAN—AND BROTHER, IF HE'S PLAYING POSSUM, IT'S STRICTLY FOR KEEPS! THAT PALE PURPLE ABOUT HIS FACE FIGURES UP TO A SITUATION JOB!



TINY THUMBPRINTS PRESSED AGAINST THE THROAT... **THUMB!**... THAT'S IT! THE SHORT, STUBBY FIFTH FINGER! LUTHER COULD BE A LILLIPUTIAN!



SURE, LOOK AT THOSE FOOTPRINTS ON THE FLOOR... MUST HAVE PULLED THE ASH TRAY OFF IN REACHING THE PHONE TO MAKE A CALL! HMPH! AND HERE'S A MEMO... MUST'VE MADE IT AFTER HE SHOVED ME OVERBOARD AND SILENCED STEPHAN!



ALL IT SAYS IS "125-4"... WHICH MEANS EXACTLY NOTHING! BETTER SEE IF I CAN GET A LINE ON LUTHER AT THE HOTEL DESK!



LOOK, PAL, I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT...

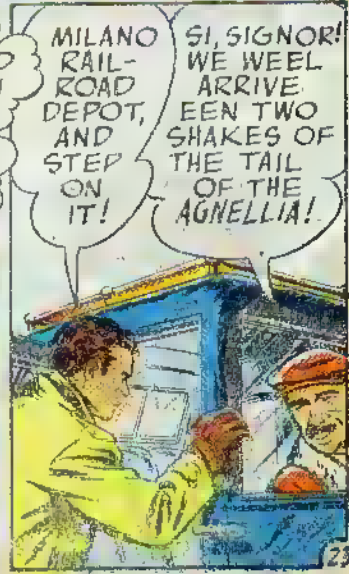
GLADLY, SIGNOR! JUST ALLOW ME A MOMENT TO FIND A DEPARTING TRAIN FOR THEES GENTLEMAN!



AH, HERE WE ARE...THE TRAIN FOR BERN, SWITZERLAND LEAVES AT 1:25 P.M.—TRACK 4, MILANO DEPOT!



BROTHER, AND HOW YOU'VE HELPED ME OUT! YOU HAVE JUST CRACKED THAT "125-4" CODE WIDE OPEN!



MILANO RAILROAD DEPOT, AND STEP ON IT!

SI, SIGNOR! WE WEE! ARRIVE EEN TWO SHAKES OF THE TAIL OF THE AGNELIA!

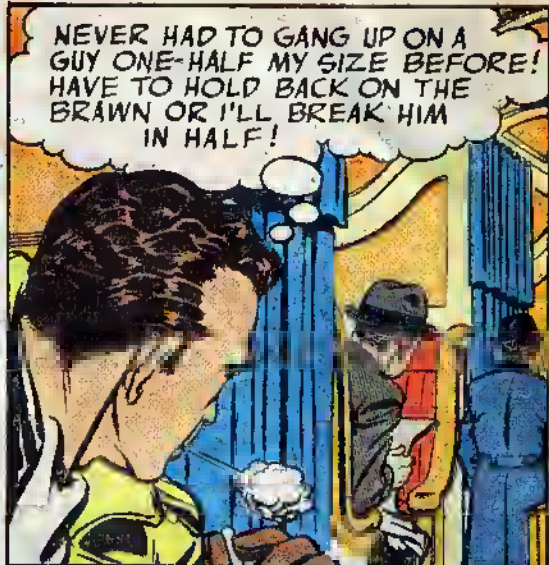


# DICK POWELL

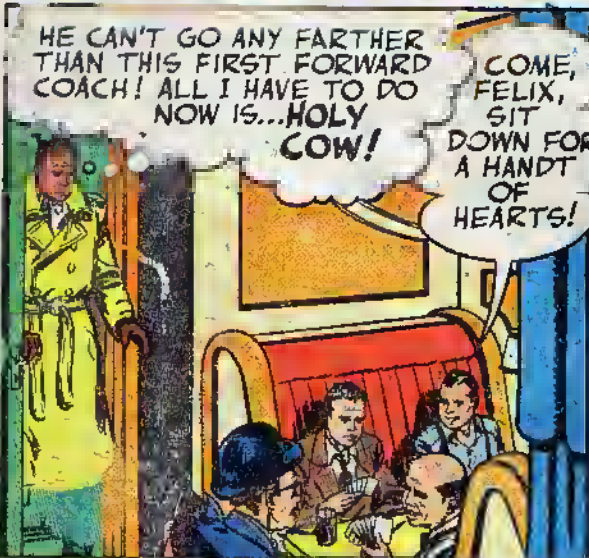
AND, AT EXACTLY 1:25 P.M., AS THE BERN, SWITZERLAND EXPRESS PULLS OUT OF MILANO DEPOT...



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH THE TRAIN... NO SIGNS OF LITTLE LUTHER AMONG THE LATE-COMERS... OH! OH! THAT MUST BE MY SHORT-SIDED PAL, NOW!



NEVER HAD TO GANG UP ON A GUY ONE-HALF MY SIZE BEFORE! HAVE TO HOLD BACK ON THE BRAWN OR I'LL BREAK HIM IN HALF!



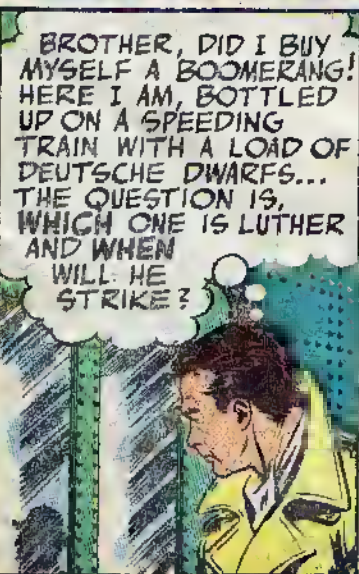
HE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER THAN THIS FIRST FORWARD COACH! ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS... **HOLY COW!**

COME, FELIX, SIT DOWN FOR A HANDT OF HEARTS!



YOU MUST HAFF DER WRONG CAR, MEIN HERR! DIS IS RESERVED FOR DER KLINGER MIDGET. TROUPE!

YEAH... SORRY! WRONG CAR!



BROTHER, DID I BUY MYSELF A BOOMERANG! HERE I AM, BOTTLED UP ON A SPEEDING TRAIN WITH A LOAD OF DEUTSCHE DWARFS... THE QUESTION IS, WHICH ONE IS LUTHER AND WHEN WILL HE STRIKE?

POWELL'S ANXIETY IS SCHEDULED TO BE SHORT-LIVED... FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ON THE MIDDLE COACH PLATFORM...



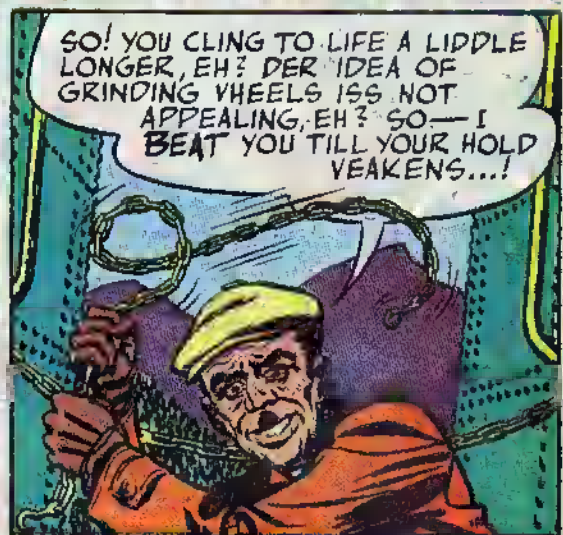
VHEN DER "HOUND" RETURNS FROM DER FORWARD COACH HUNT, HE VILL FIND LUTHER... **...VAITING!**



AHH! **NOW, MR. HOUND...**



# Chapter Four SATAN'S STRONGHOLD





# DICK POWELL



THROUGH  
THE  
THUNDERING  
TRAIN  
TWO MEN  
STAGGER...  
THE SMALL  
ONE TORN  
WITH  
TERROR,  
THE OTHER  
RIPPED BY  
BLINDING  
PAIN...  
NOW, ON  
THE  
REAR  
PLATFORM...





# DICK POWELL



WHEW! MADE IT ON THE SIXTIETH SOMERSAULT! LUTHER MUST HAVE LANDED FURTHER BACK... PROBABLY HEADING FOR THE HILLS IN A HURRY BY NOW!



BUT, THE ONLY PLACE THAT LUTHER IS HEADED FOR IS THE HEREAFTER RESERVED FOR MINIATURE MONSTERS...

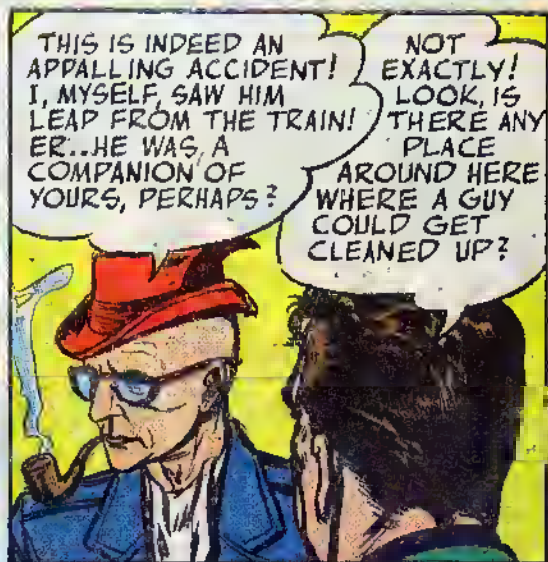


WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW?



LOOKS LIKE MY ONE LAST LINK WITH SATAN HAS BEEN SPIKED...?

GOOD DAY, SIR!



THIS IS INDEED AN APPALLING ACCIDENT! I, MYSELF, SAW HIM LEAP FROM THE TRAIN! ER... HE WAS, A COMPANION OF YOURS, PERHAPS?

NOT EXACTLY! LOOK, IS THERE ANY PLACE AROUND HERE WHERE A GUY COULD GET CLEANED UP?



FORGIVE ME..MY ESTATE IS JUST A SHORT WAY FROM HERE! COME, MY FRIEND, I'VE HAD A GOOD DAY'S HUNT ANYWAY!

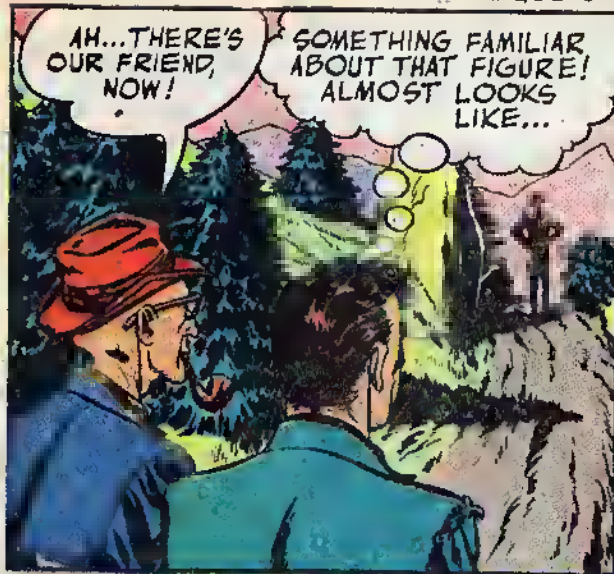
DARN NICE OF YOU, MR...



LUCIEN'S MY NAME, SIR! MY HUNTING COMPANION IS JUST UP AHEAD...WE WILL JOIN HIM AND CONTINUE ON TOGETHER!

FAIR ENOUGH, MR. LUCIEN!





AH...THERE'S OUR FRIEND, NOW!

SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE! ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...



...PETROS!

THAT WILL BE CLOSE ENOUGH! A HAND-SHAKE WILL NOT BE NECESSARY!



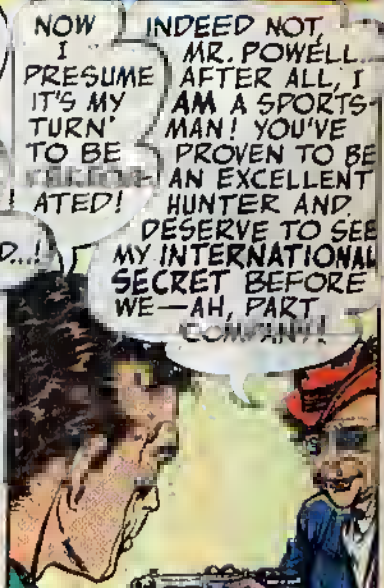
WELL, PETROS, IS THIS THE MAN WHO MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS IN ATHENS?

Y-YES, SIRE... HE IS THE MAN CALLED POWELL!



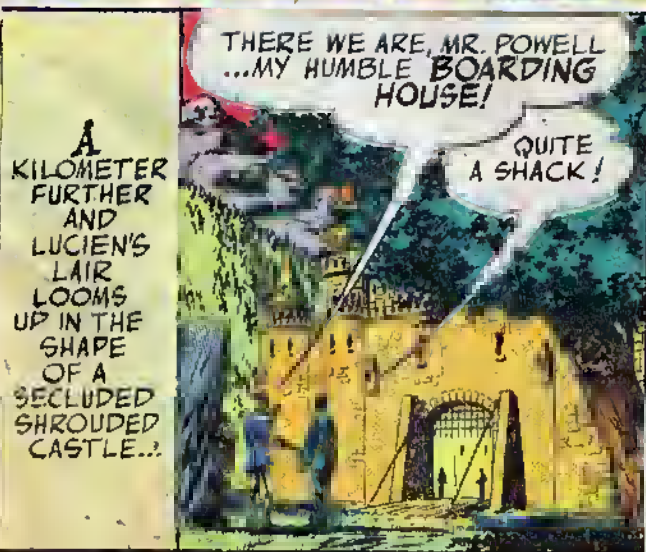
THANK YOU, PETROS! NOW, IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU JOIN MY OTHER-AH, AS JAN MURAT PUT IT-"FINGERS!" THE UNFAILING FOUR WHO DIED DEFENDING THE ORGANIZATION!

OF ALL THE COLD-BLOODED...



NOW I PRESUME IT'S MY TURN TO BE REVEALED!

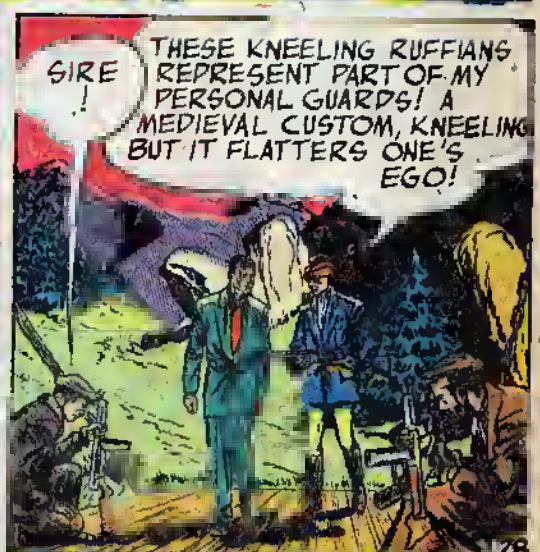
INDEED NOT, MR. POWELL. AFTER ALL, I AM A SPORTSMAN! YOU'VE PROVEN TO BE AN EXCELLENT HUNTER AND DESERVE TO SEE MY INTERNATIONAL SECRET BEFORE WE-AH, PART COMPANY!



THERE WE ARE, MR. POWELL...MY HUMBLE BOARDING HOUSE!

QUITE A SHACK!

A KILOMETER FURTHER AND LUCIEN'S LAIR LOOMS UP IN THE SHAPE OF A SECLUDED SHROUDED CASTLE...



SIRE!

THESE KNEELING RUFFIANS REPRESENT PART OF MY PERSONAL GUARDS! A MEDIEVAL CUSTOM, KNEELING BUT IT FLATTERS ONE'S EGO!



# DICK POWELL

AND BEYOND THAT GREAT HALL DOOR LIES THE ANSWER TO YOUR GOVERNMENT'S ANXIETY...THE SECRET SANCTUARY OF MY WELL-PAYING GUESTS!



GO ON, OPEN IT A TRIFLE! WHATEVER YOU SEE WILL GO NO FURTHER...OF THAT I AM MOST CERTAIN!

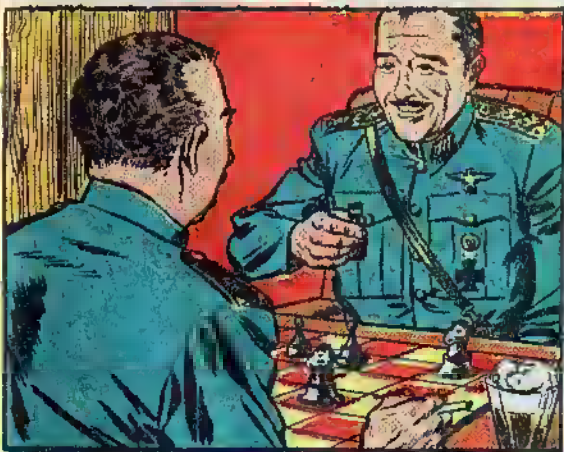


HOLY ...!

"UNHOLY" WOULD BE A MORE APPROPRIATE ADJECTIVE, MR. POWELL! PERHAPS A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY ON THE MORE NOTORIOUS MEMBERS OF MY "COLLECTION" IS IN ORDER!



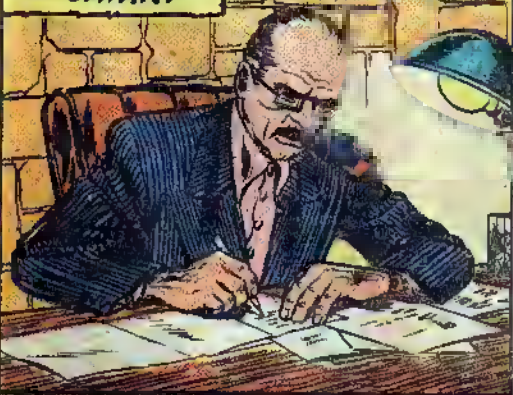
"FIRST, WE HAVE GENERALS VON PRISS AND SCHLEICHER! FOR A FEE, I MANAGED TO HELP THEM ESCAPE THE NUREMBERG DEATH TRIALS!"



"AND THERE, THE WOMAN! EMMA KOLLE, WANTED FOR ATROCITIES AGAINST ALLIED AIRMEN! POOR THING, HER TORTURING IS LIMITED TO PULLING WINGS FROM BAR FLIES THESE DAYS!"



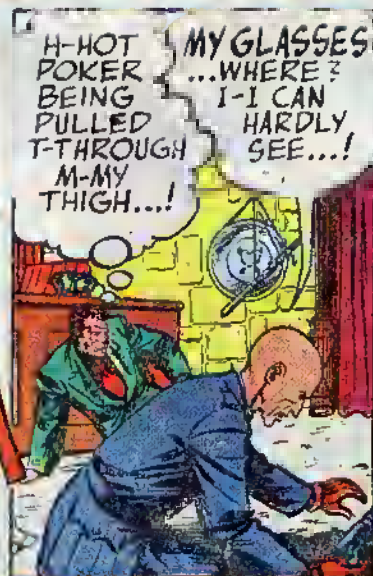
"AND HERE INDEED IS A PRECIOUS PRIZE! PROF. GRANOFF, AMERICAN PHYSICIST WHO SOLD YOUR COUNTRY SHORT TO THE RUSSIANS! NOW HIS SCIENCE SERVES IN THE INTEREST OF SATAN!"



"THAT LAST TABLE IS MY 'TRADING POST!' THERE, WORLD GOVERNMENT SECRETS ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD LIKE DELICACIES IN A MARKET PLACE!"

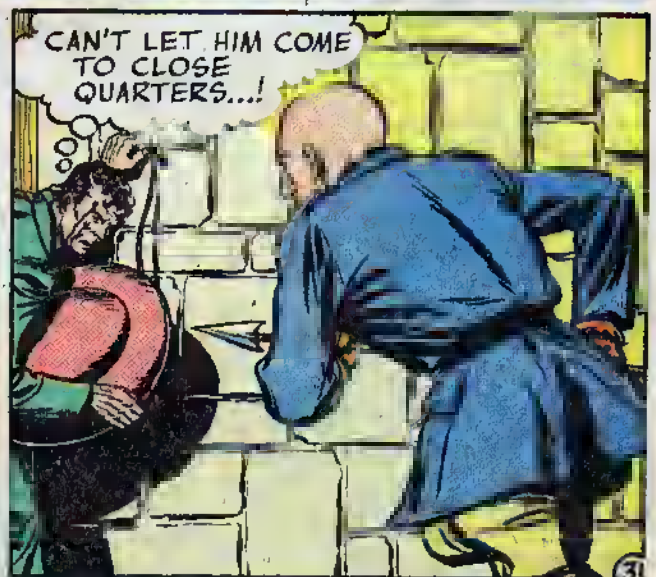
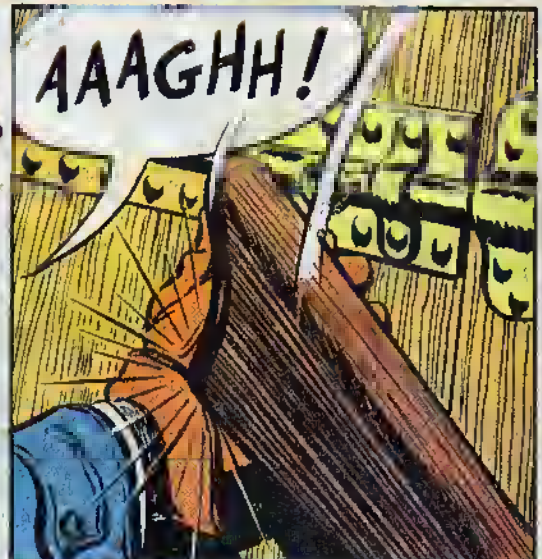
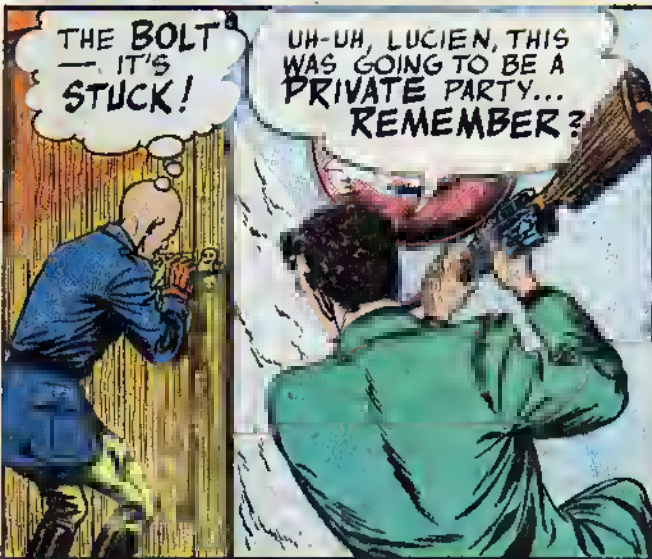
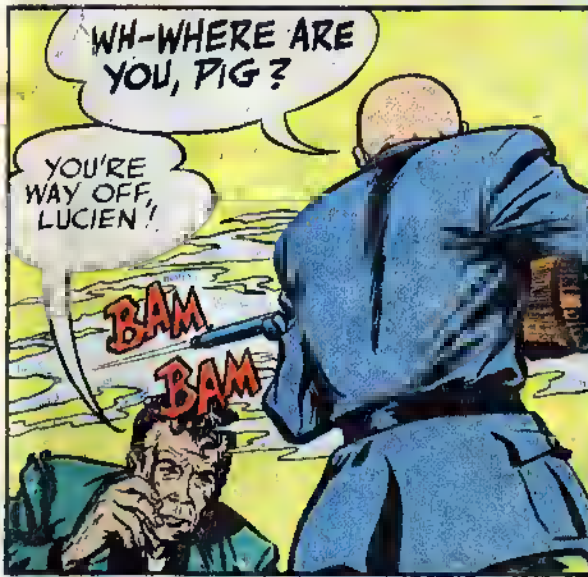






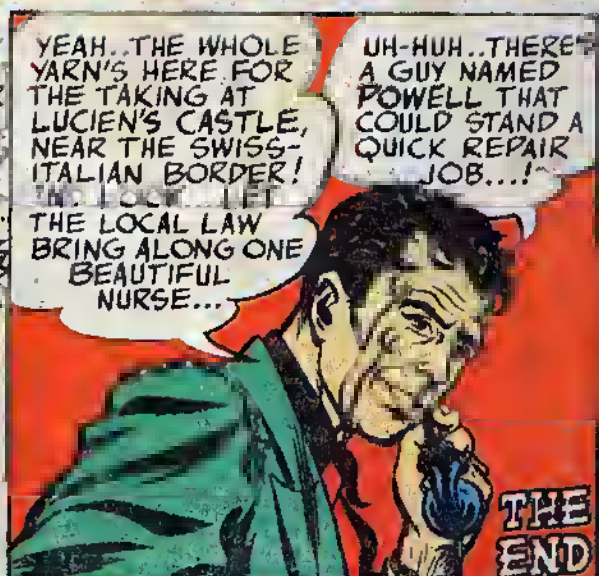
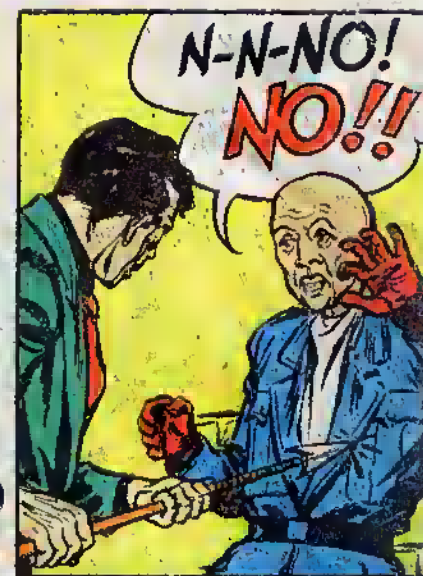


# DICK POWELL





# DICK POWELL





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